

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES"—Goethe

SUBSCRIPTION—Stamped for Postage—20s. PER ANNUM

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to BOOSEY & SONS, 28 Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

VOL. 40—No. 19

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1861

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped
5d. Stamped

MR. TENNANT

Begs to announce that his

ANNUAL CONCERT

Will take place in

EXETER HALL,

ON

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 20th, 1861.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

VOCALISTS:

Mad. ALBONI (her first appearance in London this season),
Mad. LOUISA VINNING, Mad. FERRARI, Miss LASCELLES,
Miss STABBACH, Miss EMILY SPILLER,
AND
Mad. CATHERINE HAYES, Mr. TENNANT,
Signor FERRARI, Mr. ALBERTO LAWRENCE,
AND
HERR FORMES (his first appearance at Exeter Hall these five years).

INSTRUMENTALISTS:

VIOLIN M. OLE BULL.
PIANIST Mr. CHARLES HALLE.

CONDUCTORS:

Mr. FRANCESCO BERGER, Mr. HAROLD THOMAS, Mr. GEORGE LAKE,
AND
Mr. BENEDICT.

Tickets may be obtained of Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond and Co., D. Davison and Co., and Addison and Co., Regent Street; Daff and Co., 65 Oxford Street; Keith, Prowse and Co., 48 Cheapside; Mitchell, Leader, and Co.; Olivier; Hopwood and Crew; Chappell and Co., New Bond Street; and of Mr. TENNANT, 307 Oxford Street, corner of New Bond Street, W.

HERR BLUMNER'S GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT. at the Hanover Square Rooms, will take place on Wednesday evening, May 15, under the immediate patronage of their R.R.H. the Duchess and Princess Mary of Cambridge, and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, when he will be assisted by Messrs. VIEUXTEMPS, PAUER, and other eminent artists. Conductor Mr. A. MELLON. Full particulars will be shortly announced. Tickets, reserved, 10s. 6d.; unreserved, 7s., to be had at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s; Messrs. Schott and Co., Regent Street. Address 5, Pelham Crescent, Brompton.

HERR ADOLPHE SCHLOESSER has the honour to announce that his EVENING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on THURSDAY, 16th May, at Eight o'clock. Vocalists: Mile. PAREPA, Mile. BEHRENS, and Signor GARDONI. Instrumentalists: M. Vieuxtemps, M. Vogel, Signor PIATTI, and Herr ADOLPH SCHLOESSER. Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. Numbered and Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., to be had at all the principal music-sellers, of Herr Adolph Schloesser, 2 Upper George Street, Bryanston Square, W.

Mlle. LOUISA BARNARD'S MATINEE MUSICALE (Pupil of Herr Herz, and Laureate of the Conservatoire of Paris) will take place at Hanover Square Rooms, on THURSDAY, the 16th May, to commence at Three o'clock precisely, when she will be assisted by most eminent artists. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 5s. To be had of Mlle. Barnard, 35 Great Pulteney Street, Golden Square.

SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI beg to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at St. James's Hall, on TUESDAY EVENING, May 21, on which occasion Madame ALBONI will make her first and only appearance this season at the above Hall. Vocalists: Madame ALBONI, Madame FERRARI, Mr. TENNANT, Signor FERRARI; violin, M. WIENIAWSKI; violoncello, HERR LIDEL; pianoforte, Mr. CHAS. HALLE. Conductor, Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Area, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. 32 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—Instituted in 1738, for the Support and Maintenance of Aged and Indigent Musicians, their Widows and Orphans.—The ANNUAL PERFORMANCE of the MESSIAH, in aid of the Funds of the charity, will be held in St. James's Hall, on FRIDAY EVENING, May 17th, to commence at Eight o'clock, under the Direction of Professor W. S. BENNETT, Mus. D. Vocalists, Madame LEMMENS-SHERINGTON, Madame WEISS, Miss WILKINSON, Miss PALMER, Miss LASCELLES, Madame SAINTON-DOLBY, Mr. WILBY COOPER, Mr. WHIPPIN, Mr. T. A. WALLWORTH, Mr. W. WYNN, and Mr. WEISS. The Orchestra and Chorus will be on the usual extensive scale. Principal violin, Mr. WILBY; trumpet obbligato, Mr. T. HARPER; organist, Mr. E. J. HOPKINS. Tickets, Area, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved, 7s. 6d.; Unreserved, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Area, 2s. 6d. To be had of the principal Music-sellers, and of Mr. Austin, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—FIFTH CONCERT, on MONDAY Evening next, May 13th, at Eight o'clock. Programme:—Sinfonia in C, No. 1 (Beethoven); Fantasia Appassionata, violin, M. VIEUXTEMPS (Vieuxtemps); Overture, Freischütz (Weber); Sinfonia in G minor (Mozart); Concerto in D minor, pianoforte, Signor MACCIARONE (Mendelssohn); Overture, L'Alcade de la Vega (Onslow). Vocal performers, Mad. RIEDER and Signor DELLE SEDIE. Conductor, Professor STERNDALE BENNETT. Tickets, 15s. each, to be had of Messrs. Addison, Hoillier, and Lucas, 210 Regent Street.

MADAME LAURA BAXTER'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place on 7th June, at St. James's Hall. eminent Vocal and Instrumental artists are engaged. Particulars in Future Advertisements. 155 Albany Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S CONCERTS of Solo and Concerted Pianoforte Music, Hanover Square Rooms. Programme of Second SATURDAY MORNING, May 18th:—Trio, Piano, Clarinet, and Viola (Mozart); Prelude and Fugue (Mendelssohn); Sonata in A, Op. 30, Piano and Violin (Beethoven); Sextet, Piano, two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, and Double Bass (S. Bennett); Andante and Bolero (Duet) and Solos, Pianoforte (Walter Macfarren). Artists: MM. SAINTON, LAZARUS, R. BLAGROVE, WATSON, AYLWARD, C. SEVERN, FRANCESCO BERGER, WALTER MACFARREN, and Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN. Vocalists: Miss MESSENT and Miss HENDERSON. Programme illustrated by Mr. G. A. MACFARREN. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; do. to admit three, 21 1s. Of the principal Music-sellers, and Mr. Walter Macfarren, 58 Albert Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Miss PALMER has the honour to announce her GRAND EVENING CONCERT, on FRIDAY, May 24. Vocalists: Mrs. SIMS REEVES, Miss BANKS, Miss PALMER, Mr. SIMS REEVES, and Mr. LEWIS THOMAS. Instrumentalists: Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, Messrs. H. BLAGROVE, R. S. PRATTEN, and W. PETTITT. Conductors: Messrs. W. MACFARREN, H. BAUMER, and J. L. HATTON. Sofa stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s. and 1s.; may be obtained at Austin's ticket office, St. James's Hall; Miss Palmer, Sherwood Cottage, Park Village East, N.W.; of the Manager, T. Headland, 9 Heathcote Street, W.C.; and at the principal Music-sellers.

MISS STEELE has the honour to announce that her SECOND CHAMBER CONCERT will take place at No. 16 Grosvenor Street, W. (by kind permission of Charles Colliard, Esq.), on THURSDAY next, May 16, at half-past Two o'clock. Vocalists: Miss BANKS and Miss STEELE, and Mr. LEWIS THOMAS; Pianoforte, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD; Violin, Mr. BLAGROVE; Violoncello, Mr. LIDEL. Conductor, Mr. HAROLD THOMAS. Single tickets, 7s.; family tickets (to admit four), 21s., may be had of Mr. R. W. Olivier, 19 Old Bond Street, W.; Messrs. Addison, 210 Regent Street; and of Miss Steele, 28 Upper Gloucester Place, Dorset Square, N.W.

MADAME ANGELO will have the honour to give a SOIREE MUSICALE, at the Beethoven Rooms, May 22nd, to commence at Half-past Eight o'clock. Tickets, 7s. each, to be had of Messrs. Chappell and Co., New Bond Street; Cramer and Co., Regent Street; Mr. Fabian, Portland Place, St. John's Wood; and of Mad. Angelo, 70 St. John's Wood Terrace, N.W. Vocalists: Miss PALMER and Miss ROBERTINE HENDERSON; Violin: M. SAINTON; Pianoforte, Mad. ANGELO.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—BERTHOVEN'S PASTORAL SYMPHONY will be performed, under the Direction of Dr. WYLD, at the New Philharmonic Concert, St. James's Hall, MONDAY EVENING, May 20th, and at the PUBLIC REHEARSAL, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, May 19th. Tickets at popular prices. Sofa chairs, 15s.



MRS. MEREST (late Miss Maria B. Hawes).—All Letters concerning Engagements for the Musical Festivals, the Nobility's Concerts, and Public and Private Concerts, &c., to be addressed to 7 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W. C.

SIGNOR ALBERTO RANDEGGER has RETURNED to TOWN for the SEASON.
Communications respecting Lessons in Singing, &c., to be addressed to him, at 32 Orchard Street, Portman Square.

HERR FORMES begs to announce that he is Free, during the present Season, to Accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, and Private Soirées.
All communications to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, at Duncan Davison and Co.'s, Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

HERR HERMANN begs to announce that he is Free, during the present Season, to Accept Engagements for Concerts and Private Soirées, &c.
All communications to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, at Duncan Davison and Co.'s, Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

MR. VENUA, Senior (from Reading), respectfully informs the Nobility, Gentry, and his Friends in general, that he has REMOVED from his late Residence, No. 6 Norfolk Square, Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, W., London, to No. 54 in the same Square.

MISS HELEN McLEOD begs to announce that she will give her Second ANNUAL CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the Evening of TUESDAY, the 4th of June, when she will be assisted by eminent artists.
23 Alfred Place, W. Thurlow Square.

M. LE. TITIENS, SIGNOR GIUGLINI, and HERR FORMES will Sing at the next New Philharmonic Concert, Monday Evening, May 20th, and Public Rehearsal, May 18. Conductor, Dr. WYLD.

MR. MELCHOR WINTER will Sing Flotow's "Map-pert tutti amor," and Wallace's "Let me like a soldier fall," at Myddelton Hall, Islington, on Monday, the 13th inst.; St. James's Hall, 15th; Westbourne Hall, 17th; and Stoubridge on the 28th.
Address, care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME MELCHOR WINTER will play Dohler's Tarantelle and Ascher's Fantasia on Airs from Traviata, on Monday, the 13th inst., at the Misses ELTON'S CONCERT, Myddelton Hall, Islington.
Address, concerning Pupils and Engagements, care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28 Holles Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MRS. EDWARD DAVIES (late Miss Julia Warman) begs to inform her Friends and the Public that she continues to give LESSONS on the PIANO.
Terms, £3 3s. a Quarter, twice a week, or by the Lesson.
38 Hans Place, Belgrave Square, S.W.

MUSICAL ART UNION.—Organised for the advancement of Music.
The Members beg to announce THREE ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday Evening, May 31st; Thursday Morning, June 20th; and Friday Evening, July 5th (the latter with Choir).
1st Concert—Symphony, Ocean (Rubinstein); Overtures, Beethoven, Op. 124, and Rossini's Siege of Corinth; Concerto, violin, HERR STRAUSS (Spohr). Orchestra of Sixty performers. Principals—Messrs. H. BLAGROVE, DEICEMANN, PAYTON, R. BLAGROVE, DAUBERT, WHITE, SVENDSEN, CROZIER, POLLARD, WOOTTON, HANDLEY, R. J. WARD, and C. THOMPSON. Conductor, Mr. KLINDWORTH; Choir-Master, Mr. J. C. WARD. Illustrative remarks by Mr. G. A. MACFARREN.
Tickets at Messrs. Cramer's (where a plan of Stalls may be seen), Ewer's, Addison's, Schott's, Lonsdale's, Chappell's, Olivier's, Leader's, and Betts's Music Warehouses.

MR. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN begs to inform his Friends that he has RETURNED from Germany.
All communications respecting Pupils, &c., to be addressed to his Residence, 3 Pensonby Street, Pimlico, S.W.

SWISS FEMALE SINGERS.—SCHWEITZER SANGER GESELLSCHAFT.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—These pleasing and highly amusing CONCERTS will be repeated EVERY AFTERNOON at Three, and EVERY EVENING at Eight, FOR A SHORT PERIOD ONLY. Books of the Words with Translation.
Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's, Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street; and at the Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 28 Piccadilly, W.
* * * Seventh week, and decided success of "The Captain."

MR. FRED. PENNA.—EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—SECOND WEEK. "THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF SONG." Mr. Fred. Penna begs to announce that he will give his New and Popular Entertainment, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Eight o'clock. A Morning Performance every Saturday at Three. Piano-forte, Mad. Penna.
Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Box office at the Hall, open daily from Eleven till Five.

WANTED, by an efficient Tuner, Regulator, and Repairer, an ENGAGEMENT.
Address R. S., 111 Great College Street, Camden Town, N.W.

THE MUSICAL BEE-HIVE.—POPULAR FOUR-PART SONGS.—Bon Soir, Carulli, 6d.; Oh, waste not, plaining lovers, Handel, 6d.; Ave Maria, Arcadelt, 3d.; Non adgnare, O bella Venera, 3d.; Iuvano a' cundesir, 3d.; Alla Trinita, H. R. Bishop, 3d.; The three kings of Cologne, 3d.
"This is indeed a boon to the musical public—the four separate vocal parts being in a large note, 'that they who run may read.'"
C. Lonsdale, 26 Old Bond Street.

CONCERT SEASON, 1861.—Mr. C. M. SHEE respectfully intimates to Musical Artists that he continues to undertake the Management of Concerts (public or private) at moderate charges.
Address J. Miles and Co., 105 Wardour Street, Soho.

WALLWORTH'S ART OF SINGING.—Second Edition, just out, full music size, price 7s.
A new and modern method for cultivating the Voice, and for gaining a perfect Vocalisation. A practical work, contains 35 pages of Music, with a true method of acquiring the Shake, now for the first time introduced in a Singing Tutor, by T. A. WALLWORTH, Professor of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music, London.
Published by A. W. Hammond (late Jullien), 214 Regent Street; and may also be had of the Author, at his residence, 81 Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W., where Pupils are also received.

ROBERT COCKS & CO'S NEW MUSIC.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing, at his Benefit Concert, on Monday next, from ROBERT COCKS and Co.'s EDITION OF BEETHOVEN'S ADELAIDE, with new words by WILLIAM HILLS, 3s.; also "Twilight is Darkening," music by KUCKEN, 2s. 6d.
WEEP NOT, FOND HEART: Song by KUCKEN. Sung by SIMS REEVES, 2s. 6d.
This new song of the popular German composer is a real gem. Every one who recalls the deeply touching strains of his "Tear," or the calm beauty of his "Twilight is Darkening," will know what he has to expect; also the Young Recruit Solo, 2s. 6d.; for four voices, 2s. 6d.; ditto three voices, on a card, 2d.
THE YOUNG RECRUIT SCHOTTISCH, for piano, by C. C. AMOS, 2s. 6d.; as a March, by BRINLEY RICHARDS, 2s. 6d.; Quadrille, by STEPHEN GLOVER, 3s.; Quadrille by JULLIEN, 4s.; March by STEPHEN GLOVER, 2s. 6d.; March, by VOSS, 3s.; Polka, by ADAM WRIGHT, 2s. 6d. THE YOUNG RECRUIT Song, solo, 2s. 6d.; for four voices, 2s. 6d.; for three voices, on a card, 2d.

W. VINCENT WALLACE.—New and favourite PIANOFORTE MUSIC.—La Luvisella, Neapolitan melody, transcribed, 3s.; Chorus of Dervishes, from Beethoven's Ruins of Athens, 2s.; Good News from Home, varied, 3s.; Come where my love lies dreaming, 3s.; the Volunteer Rifles March, 3s.; Fantasia on the Ruins of Athens, 4s.; Twilight, romance, 2s.; Spohr's Rose softly blooming, 2s.; Star of the Evening and Willie we have missed you, 3s.; Those Evening Bells, 3s.; Robin Adair, impromptu-de-concert, played by ARABELLA GODDARD, 4s.; the Shepherd's Roundelay, pastoral sketch, 4s.; Croyez-moi, romance, 2s. 6d.; La Plante du Berger, idylle, 3s.; Home, sweet home, 3s.

NEW PIANO MUSIC, by BRINLEY RICHARDS.
—The Young Recruit, for piano, solo, 2s. 6d.; duet, 3s.; as a march, 2s. 6d.; Première Tarantelle, pour piano, par Brinley Richards, dédiée à M. Charles Hallé, 5s.; La Czarina, mazurka de salon, 3s.; Cherry ripe! melody by C. E. Horn, transcribed, 3s.; La Carolina, souvenir de Naples, 3s.; Hurrah! for the bonnets o' blue, transcribed, 3s.; the Gipsy's life is a joyous life, melody by E. Flood, transcribed, 3s.; Why do summer roses fade? melody by Barker, transcribed, 3s.; the Plough Boy, English melody, transcribed, 3s.; Louise, nocturne, 3s.; Le Carnaval de Venise, arrangé pour piano, 3s.; Cader Idris (Jenny Jones), Welsh melody, transcribed, 3s.
London: Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington Street, Regent Street, W.; and of all music-sellers.

SELECT LIST OF NEW SONGS, &c. by POPULAR COMPOSERS.

		CLARIBEL		price 3s.	
Blind Alice	3s.
Marion's Song	3s.
The Trefoil Leaf	3s.
		VIRGINIA GABRIEL.			
One passed by	2s.
Ave Verum	3s.
Ave Maria	2s.
Agnus Dei (a tre voce)	2s.
		W. HUTCHINSON, Esq.			
The Spring of Life	2s.
When the Silvery Moonbeams Sleep	2s.
		SARAH GILBERT.			
Summer Flowers	2s.
		WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.			
Courting Days	2s.

NEW HARP MUSIC.

"Raindrops," by VIRGINIA GABRIEL. Arranged for the Harp by Mrs. R. COOPER, price 3s.
"Zuleika," Nocturne for the Harp, by Mrs. R. COOPER, price 3s.
Cheltenham: HALE and SON.
And on order of all Music-sellers.

ALLOTMENT OF FREEHOLD BUILDING SITES.

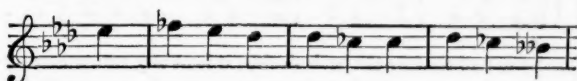
The CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY, 33 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.
—The SECOND ALLOTMENT for the present financial year is fixed for THURSDAY the 16th of May, at the Office, at Noon precisely, on which occasion will be offered Valuable FREEHOLD BUILDING SITES, on the following Estates:—
No. 1. ROHAMPTON PARK (Second Portion).
2. PUTNEY HEATH ESTATE.
3. KENTISH TOWN ESTATE.
Plans of the Estates will be sent by post, on receipt of seven stamps for each separate Plan. Printed particulars of the Land will be forwarded, with the Society's Prospectus, free of charge.
CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, Secretary.

Rebels.

"*Soirées de Vienne, valse caprices, d'après F. SCHUBERT, pour le pianoforte*"—composées par FRANZ LISZT (Ashdown and Parry).

"*D'après F. Schubert*," is expressive. It is lucky that these "Viennese Evenings" (evenings, we should think, with phantoms, ghouls, and hobgoblins) came, at any rate, *après* (after) Schubert; for if Schubert had heard his innocent ("absolute") music thus travestied, he would most probably have gone stark mad.

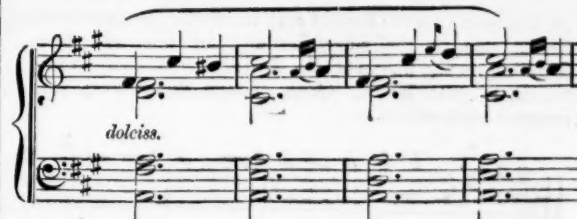
To begin with the end. The ninth "*Valse-caprice*" ("*caprice*" with a vengeance) is built upon, or rather dug out of, the well-known waltz in A flat, which German, French, Italian, and Turkish music publishers palmed off for a long time on the world as "*Beethoven's Last*." M. Liszt begins with a page of introductory howl, in the shape of "*preludio*," and then presents the composition of Schubert, in the right key, and correctly, with one exception, viz., the alteration of a note in the second part, which completely spoils the melody, and renders it more or less "*Zukunft*:"—



Now, we need scarcely remind our readers that there is no such note as the D flat in the 6th bar, over which the asterisk is placed. See, further on, to what a use M. Liszt puts this unwarrantable licence:—



We cannot stop to multiply instances; but may add that the other eight numbers present every one of them delectable examples of the same species of "caprice"—which reminds us of the vulgar French idiom, "*il y a caprice et caprice*." Beethoven had "*caprice*;" so had Weber; so had Mendelssohn; so has Liszt. We have to deal with Liszt. Take, at random, No. 7, which is for the most part as straightforward as it is vigorous. Here is a bit of harmony for the edification of polite ears:—



"*Dolcissimo*," indeed! A dip into No. 1 brings us to the following:—



"*Espressivo*," indeed! And as if this were not "*espressivo*," and to spare, we have yet another "*espressivo*," two lines further on, in the shape of a modulation—or rather an abrupt transition—from F minor to A minor (the very idea makes us shudder):—



A plunge into No. 2 (it is worse than the extremity of the Russian bath), and we find ourselves clawed hold of by the subjoined crab:—



After intense struggling we escape from this crab; when, lo! as we are emerging from this disagreeable water, our right foot is caught hold of by another of the same species. Behold him:—



"This" (as King Arthur might have exclaimed, in a similar

predicament) "is the fiercest crab we were ever clawed withal, except one in the river Jordan, but this was fiercer." Strolling on the banks of No. 3, we are suddenly stung by the little gnat below, which, though diminutive, hath a pungent proboscis:—



Annoyed by the nuisance, we rush for shelter to No. 4, and in a brief space are conscious of an earwig, crawling inside of our shirt collar:—



—and ever and anon nipping us in still "other-guess ways." Where to fly? Not to No. 5; for look at this nasty spider:—



"*Molto espressivo il canto*"—a singing spider, but one, nevertheless, which can bite in divers manners. Here is another of its manners of bite:—



"*Calando*," indeed (*calandrino*)! "*Smorzando*," forsooth (*smorfoso*)! Still less to No. 6, where runs a frisky tarantula, who disports himself friskily in this wise:—



(Forbid it, St. Job of Pacheco, that we should be bitten by this tarantula!) Where, then, must we seek refuge from these crabs, and earwigs, and spiders, and tarantulas, and what not?—of harmony (say discord)? Where?—if not to No. 8? At No. 8 we at least are neither clawed, nor nipped, nor stung, nor bitten; and if this quiet nook—



—be not all that would be desirable, it is at any rate a resting-place of some sort where we are free of the newts and scorpions of the "*Zukunft*." And is this the way that "Friar Liszt" has bestowed his "*Evenings in Vienna*"? An American enthusiast goes frantic about the conclusion of a *Missa Solennis*, composed by the Weimarian Chapellmaster who gave Richard Wagner his French passport (which has served him in such good stead). The last four he particularly extols:—



Nevertheless, until we had perused the "*Soirées de Vienne, valse caprices, d'après F. SCHUBERT*," we could not believe that Friar Liszt had written them. Now, we can believe anything. Three quarters of a century and more since, when the renowned Sarti (who ministered to Catherine of all the Russias) had heard some quartets by Mozart, he exclaimed,—"*Si puo far di più per stonare gli professori!*" What would the renowned Sarti (who ministered to Catherine of all the Russias) have said to these aston(ari)shing perpetrations of Friar Liszt?

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.			
ASPINWALL (JOHN)	"Midnight"	(Pianoforte).	
Ditto.	"Whisperings of the breeze"	(ditto).	
Ditto.	"Song of the leaves"	(ditto).	
KURK (W.)	"Logie o' Buchan"	(ditto).	
ADDISON, HOLLIER, AND LUCAS.			
GILBERT (ALFRED)	"The Skylark"	(Pianoforte).	
CHAPPELL AND CO.			
ENGEL (LOUIS)	"Garibaldi March"	(Harmonium).	
Ditto	"La reine du soir"	(Pianoforte).	
Ditto	"Une perle noire"	(Ditto).	
Ditto.	"Comment est-ce arrivé."	(Vocal).	
Ditto.	"Fedele io t'amo"	(ditto).	

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

FORDE (WILLIAM) "Colleen Bawn quadrilles" (Pianoforte).
 RICHARDS (BRINLEY) "Jenny Jones" (Ditto).
 Ditto "Cherry ripe" (Ditto).
 KUCKEN (F. W.) "Weep not, fond heart" (Vocal).
 Ditto "Twilight is darkening" (Do).
 OUSELEY (SIR GORE) "Special anthems" (Do).

JEFFERYS.

MINASI (CARLI) "I haven't got a beau" (Vocal).
 Ditto "Close to a mother's heart" (Ditto).

JEWELL.

LINDBERG "Cujus animam" (Pianoforte).
 BAUDOUIN (ADRIEN) "L'attractive" (Ditto).
 WHITEHOUSE (EDWARD) "Remembrance of childhood" (Vocal).

OLLIVIER.

EAVRES (W. H.) "Our sister Mary" (Vocal).

SCHOTT AND CO.

ENGEL (LOUIS) "Octobre" (Vocal).

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE last week has been productive of more concerts than the most robust amateur could possibly survive were he to have attempted the feat of hearing them all. It is only by judiciously popping in at each in the very nick of time when the chief attraction is going on, that I am enabled to say something about the principal affairs of this kind. The promising young violinist, Sarrasate, who carried off the *premier prix* at the *Conservatoire*, deserves the first mention among the concert-givers. The "gem" of his concert, to use the slang of musical notice writers, was a *symphonie concertante* of Alard, for two violins, played by the composer and Sarrasate, who is his pupil. The execution of this piece was marked with such admirable precision, elegance, and spirit—master and pupil playing as though animated with one intelligence—that the most enthusiastic applause was repeatedly elicited. Next, we will mention a concert given by M. Adolph Fétis, whose venerable name, perhaps, as much as his reputation as an organist and composer, insured him a considerable audience and a gracious reception. Among the compositions of his own, which were received with the most favour, may be cited *les Veillées Brétonnes*, a song without words for the organ, *L'abandon*, *Souffrances d'Hiver*, *Dieu*, and *le Bon Dieu*. Another concert, just deserving passing mention, was that of Mlle. Amélie Bido, one of the numerous and undesirable tribe of phenomena. The instrument whereon she phenomenises is the violin. By the way, when the wonder appeals to the ear, should it not be *acoumenon* rather than "phenomenon"? Think this over, and tell me if I have not added to the restricted vocabulary of musical critics. To return to "the" Bido, she played Spohr, and Vieuxtemps, and Leonard (her instructor), and Ketherer, and Hermann, and it must be conceded to her, she possesses several qualities necessary to constitute a good violinist, although the important one of mechanical dexterity is certainly deficient. A different affair from this was the concert given by M. Léon Jacquard, a violoncellist, who holds in Paris a deservedly high position. He is an accomplished master of all the resources of his instrument, and whether in the solid style or in the ostentatious brilliancy of the showy concert piece, is equally capable of holding his ground. A concerto by Molique, (composed for your Piatti), a *fantaisie* by Servais, and an *adagio* by himself, were among his chief performances. A remarkable feature of this concert was an *allegro* for piano-forte and violoncello, by M. Edouard Lalo, a young composer, who has raised high expectations of his future achievements. The piece was much applauded, and displayed the knowledge of an accomplished musician, no less than invention and refinement of taste. M. Edouard Colonne, first violin of the opera, has also figured among the concert-givers. Of course he is an estimable violinist, and neither in concerted pieces by the great masters, nor in a *fantasia* for effect, did he disgrace himself. Mlle. Balbi sang at this concert some light couplets from *Maitre Claude*, and being very pretty, as well as an agreeable songstress, was warmly applauded. Then there has been the concert of Mlle. Mattmann—whose position as a pianist of the first rank has been legitimately acquired; and a *soirée* by M. Armingand, where, with the exception of a brilliant trio by the same M. E. Lalo, and two pieces by M. E. Lubeck (the well-known pianist), the programme was made from the works of the *soirée-giver*, some of which were

songs executed by Mlle. Balbi and M. Archainbaud. An organ player of mark—M. Auguste Durand, who officiated at St. Roch—must be mentioned too as the giver of a *matinée*, attended by immense court celebrities; and likewise M. Luigi Ruiz, a light *basso*, whose concert was illuminated chiefly by the presence and exertions of Mad. Borghi-Mamo. The most original of all these musical entertainments, however, was the *soirée* given by M. Farrenc, the celebrated musical antiquary, whereat some of the results of that gentleman's researches were brought forward, illustrating the origin of pianoforte music. Several pieces originally written for the harpsichord and the spinet, were executed by Mlle. Farrenc (his daughter—the esteemed and laborious composer), who showed great tact and intelligence in bringing out their peculiarities.

The mention of this interesting evening brings us naturally to the classical concerts of the week. A new institution, called *La Fondation Beaulieu*, for the performance of classical vocal music has just commenced its second series. The programme included specimens of the vocal music of Felice Anerio, Orlando Gibbons, Handel, Pergolese, Marcello, Graun, Haydn, Mozart and Cherubini. Mad. Viardot and M. Bataille were the chief vocalists. Selections from Haydn's oratorio of *Tobias* were executed at the commencement and at the close of the concert. Among the most curious as well as the most showy items of this semi-antiquarian entertainment was a *bravura* air from the *Britannicus* of Graun, chapel-master to Frederic the Great, which was admirably sung by Mad. Viardot, who (as you must frequently have heard her do in London), with the true feeling of an artist, gave its full value to the substratum of passion which underlies the cumbrous adornments systematically resorted to by composers of that day.

I regret to have, in the distinct discharge of my duty as a faithful chronicler, to mention yet another phenomenon (or acoumenon), nay, yet other *phenomena* (or *acoumena*). A certain infant of ten has come forward as a public pianoforte player, and, were it possible to feel astonishment at these precocious displays, when, in fact, they are plenty as blackberries, would have astonished her audience by a variety of remarkable qualities. People don't stare now-a-days at a basket of fine juicy strawberries exhibited at Chévet's in midwinter, nor do they raise their eyebrows at these specimens of human forcing. A few, perhaps, shake their heads at the cost implied in such artificial inversions of the course of nature, and its mournful contrast with the insipidity of the result. Anna Meyer, the above-mentioned "child-wonder" (so named), had, as associates, two other wretched babes, trained, the one to spout verses she is said to compose herself, and the other to sing comic songs with infantine attempts at buffoonery. This moral massacre of infants out-herods Herod!

Now for some miscellaneous gossip, operatical, theatrical, problematical. At the Opera, Mlle. Gueymard is in full career as the acknowledged representative of Valentine in *Les Huguenots*, which is drawing large houses. She has restored the romance in the fourth act, cut out by her predecessors; and Meyerbeer has written a coda to append to it, expressly for her. M. Faure, who is now with you at Covent Garden, where he is engaged for three years, has just signed a three years' engagement at the Grand Opera, at 5,000fr. per month for the first year, 6,000 for the second, and 7,000 for the third. A *congé* from April to July enables him to fulfil his English engagement concurrently. Felicien David's *Herculanum*, it is said, will be shortly revived, and also the *Muette de Portici*, on a magnificent scale. It is currently reported that Signor Alary, of sacrilegious note (inventor of the dish *Fricassée de Mozart, à la maître de chant*), has composed a comic opera to a libretto by Scribe, called *La Beauté du Diable*, which is speedily forthcoming. The gentleman who has the *toupet* (*Anglicè et vulgo*, "cheek") to adapt *Don Giovanni* to the exigencies of an ambitious tenor and of his own notions of taste, ought to do something original. This was hardly the case, however, with the *Tre Nozze*, in which Lablache danced to a polka warbled by poor Sontag. Mario, by the way, has again, according to his wont (or shall we say according to his *cant*?), announced himself indisposed; and Montanaro, the slippery gentleman who jilted Mr. Beale, replaces him in Count Almaviva. So I hear that Grisi is again at the Royal Italian Opera. Is this to be another farewell engagement?

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
 Still for ever fare thee well,"

has been fitted with a new reading, illustrating the confusion that may arise between bidding farewell for ever, and for ever bidding farewell. Norma, with her sickle for ever cutting and for ever coming again, might stand now as a female companion to Chrono, with his scythe. By the way, our experience of this artist may legitimately found a new idiom as a contrast to the expressions taking "French leave." As this means to leave without giving notice, so Italian leave would mean to give notice without leaving. Mlle. Trebelli has just bidden adieu to the public of the Italian opera here in Rossini, after making a decided impression. Managers must be on the look-out, for there is very little doubt this young *contralto* is likely to prove a prize of importance. Mad. Penco has appeared in *Norma*, in which she shows so much dramatic power, assisted by a new Adalgisa, under the name of Blondini. Her real name is Mlle. Eunequist, and she is a pupil of M. Masset. Her nervousness rendered it impossible to judge of the capabilities of Mlle. Eunequist.

Only the other day a theatre at Barcelona was burnt down, and now another at Brussels has shared in the fate which seems sooner or later to await buildings devoted to the drama. The *Théâtre des Nouveautés*, the establishment in the Belgian capital I allude to, was built only eighteen years ago. Like the fire at Covent Garden, it seems to have originated in the lofts above the audience part. Letters from Berlin announce that Mad. Lagrua has arrived in the Prussian capital, and will make her appearance in *Nourmahad*, and in Spontini's *Vestale*.

I had other matters of some little interest to mention, but must put them off till my next.

S. B. Y.

TANNHÄUSER.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In a letter addressed to Berlioz, and inserted in the *Journal des Débats*, M. Wagner has told us the secret of his journey to Paris. It might have been thought that he had come to submit his works to the judgment of the Parisians. Far from it. The circumstance to which we owe the honour of a visit from him is this. Exiled from his country, M. Wagner is the *only* German (these are his own words) who has not heard *Tannhäuser* and his other works. He has come, therefore, merely to borrow from the French their Opera-house, their artists, their choruses, their orchestra, and 250,000 francs' worth of getting up, that he might have the very legitimate satisfaction of hearing, and, as a matter of course, admiring himself. Well, the thing is done. He has heard himself. I don't know whether he is satisfied; but I am inclined to fancy he won't begin again in a hurry. As for myself, my first prayer, on hearing of his exile, was that M. Wagner might be speedily pardoned, and return to his country forgiven, and free to hear himself executed at home, at his ease and convenience. He ought, above all, to assure the happiness of his fellow-countrymen. When he has progressed triumphantly from town to town; when he has deliciously drunk in the ovations due to him; when he has seen *Tannhäuser* played a thousand times, the *Dutchman* a thousand times, *Lohengrin* a thousand times, and at least two thousand times *Tristan und Isolde*, he may give us Parisians another look in. In the mean time we shall have worked away hard; we shall have been very steady and industrious; and may possibly be sufficiently advanced to comprehend him. Such was the heartfelt prayer of those who were present at the first performance of *Tannhäuser*. The good public is prevailed upon to swallow a multitude of things, but a time comes when it revolts, and will no longer swallow anything. Yet it had come to the Opera with the best intentions in the world. It had been informed that a genius of the first order, a revealer of mysteries, a prophet, a Messiah, was to proscribe for ever the lascivious dance, the sensual song, and to bring us back to pure art, to Greek art, to the perfect harmony of the true and the beautiful. Well, therefore, might that eagerness be exhibited, that tiptoe expectation, that religious silence, that attitude of collected attention, which marked the first few minutes. What applause, too, would have followed had there been oftener a chance for it!

The overture was admirably recited, for all the players, and especially their chief, were sensible of the immense responsibility

weighing upon them, and had at heart to show themselves, what indeed they are, the first musicians of Europe. After this piece, which had real worth, heightened, moreover, by masterly execution, the bravos broke forth with a vigour at which the most ardent friends of M. Wagner must have felt satisfied. The curtain then rose on a magnificent scene, and again there was applause, which was not addressed to the musicians this time, but to MM. Thierry and Cambon, the marvellous creators of that enchanted grotto. Venus, or the goddess Holda (according to a little treatise of German mythology at the beginning of the libretto), softly couched upon a bank of verdure, was contemplating her lover, who had dropped at her feet. This lover was a poet, a knight, a master-singer. *Tannhäuser* was his name. He happened to be slumbering on the lap of Venus, which was scarcely good manners.

It is known that M. Wagner makes his words as well as his music, and that he attaches extreme importance not only to each phrase but to each word of his poems. That of *Tannhäuser* must have lost a great deal in the transfusion from one tongue into another, for although, as we have learned through a recent lawsuit, the piece was translated under the master's eye, by three persons of equal skill—an artist, a custom-house officer, and a dramatic author—we find it anything but interesting.

It seems that M. Wagner, being determined to owe no part of his success to extraneous aid, formally resisted the introduction of any kind of ballet which might divert the attention of the spectator from the main work. He consented, however, after much entreaty, to bring in a little *divertissement* at Venusberg, while *Tannhäuser* is enjoying his *siesta*, and Venus is contemplating him. A little went a great way in the matter of amusement at this happy retreat. This was all that the pretended *divertissement* in question comprised. Twenty-four bacchantes marched from right to left, and raised their arms above their heads. This movement performed slowly and gently may have diverted the ladies of the ballet, but no one else. Thereupon, twenty-four fauns marched from left to right, and raised their arms in like manner as the bacchantes; sixteen nymphs followed the fauns, still lifting up their arms in the same fashion; sixteen young men sleeping upon the rocks started from their slumbers and uplifted their arms likewise, drawing them asunder with a gentle motion; lastly, twelve cupids, not to appear singular, raised their little arms aloft, but were evidently puzzled to tell why.

All these arms upraised formed no doubt a charming picture, but it was kept before the eye a little too long. There yet remained the Three Graces, however, Mlles. Rousseau, Störköff, and Troisvallets. I was in hopes that they had been exempted from obedience to the general word of command, and that they would employ their arms according to their individual fancies. It soon became apparent that not any more than the fauns, nor the bacchantes, nor the young men, nor the nymphs, were they permitted to drop them, and that they were likely in the end to be seized with cramp. To all appearance the dance of the future will only admit of this upstretching of arms, and indeed I am free to confess that there is in the simultaneous elevation of so many pairs of them something mystical—something quite sacerdotal.

But if the dance was chaste and sober, the music was tumultuous, deafening, infernal; exasperated fiddle-strings, cymbals furiously clashing, Chinese bells in delirious excitement. The same effect was produced, and an equal degree of pain, as though a hundred needles had been run into your ears at the same moment. The most courteous of the audience, who were bent on maintaining an air of decency, endured their sufferings without wincing; the rest writhed in their seats, turning from one side to the other like St. Lawrence on his gridiron. A number of young ladies attempted to smile, but they ground their teeth in spite of themselves, and crushed their spy-glasses or their fans in their little convulsed fingers. At last the bacchanal rout was over, and *Tannhäuser*, by no means a light sleeper, opened first one eye, then the other, and finding himself still at the feet of Venus seemed to derive from that fact a strong feeling of dissatisfaction.

"Thou whom I love! Of what art thinking? Say!" Would to heaven Venus had never thus familiarly interrogated her lover, for the answer, and the explanations which resulted therefrom, took up not less than six pages. It was not a duo, it was not a recitative, nor a scena, nor even an act, but a Wagnerian dialogue of intermin-

able length; and what rendered the position of things more serious still, was that M. Wagner has the sorry habit of under-scoring with a trait of violins, double basses, and brass instruments, every word, every syllable of his eternal harangues. This is, to use a common expression, making mountains of molehills. One is lost in the maze of detail, and the collective whole is forgotten; a world of trouble is frivolously spent in giving a particular expression to each word, and the result of this toilsome labour is to overwhelm the audience under an irremovable load of weariness.

When Tannhäuser had quite done telling about his dreams, his aspirations, his aversions, his fits of sadness, and Venus had come to an end of her supplications, adjurations, complaints, and threats, the two lovers part—not, upon my honour as a gentleman, one moment too soon. The public had ceased paying any regard to this domestic broil, which seemed never likely to end. As soon as it was evident that this maniacal knight and headstrong goddess would neither make it up, nor separate at any price,—that they constantly kept falling back on the same repetitions, the same roundabout digressions, the same old scores,—the audience left them to settle it between themselves, and began to gossip about indifferent matters,—the weather, the rain, the toilettes of the ladies, the news of the day. Now and then the conversation was interrupted just to observe how the lovers were getting on, and when it was found they were still quarrelling, people said, "It's no use expecting an end of it to-night; we must call again to-morrow; say Monday, or in ten days, a month, and we may find them still at their agreeable *tête-à-tête*." After an hour's squabbling, however, Venus and Tannhäuser showed their good taste by separating amicably, avoiding all scandal or appeal to the law. The lady and her grotto vanished, and Tannhäuser found himself sleeping in a green and smiling valley. Remark what a fellow for sleep this Tannhäuser is. In the first tableau he was dreaming on the lap of Venus; in the second he was stretched out on the turf, taking out the rest of his nap. The spectators had need to envy the rogue.

Here occurred the famous air of the herdsman, so calm and primitive in its monotonous simplicity. It was welcomed as a blessing, for it gave rest to the ear, when all at once a comical passage, some such popular burthen as *J'ai de bon tabac dans ma tabatière*, moved the audience to an explosion of laughter. Report proclaims M. Wagner unbending in the extreme. Sooner than listen to any compromise, he exclaims, "Perish my works rather than my principles." Good. Now I bet *Don Juan*, *Der Freischütz*, the *Pré aux Clercs*, the *Muette*, and the *Barbière*, to the *Phantom Ship*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, that he would cut out the *trait de chalumeau*, and that incredible rocket-flight of violins which excited, at the end of the second act, such homeric laughter; and I won my bet. Would it not have been wise to yield to the advice of friends before the performance, sooner than expose himself to so mortifying a disaster? Pride, without doubt, is the spring of many a noble action; firmness is a rare virtue, but it should not degenerate into obstinacy, and a little modesty is not out of place when one stands face to face with a public enlightened and competent like that of the Opera, and whose just requirements the greatest masters have held it a point of honour to respect.

A piece which produced a great effect was the grand septuor (I don't know whether I am quite justified in venturing to call it so), let us say the grand concerted piece which terminates the first act. There is a powerful fullness of sound, a tolerably complete conclusiveness, a felicitous clearing up, which, coming after such heavy clouds and so much darkness, relieves and cheers the public. I will say as much of the grand triumphal march framed in a splendid piece of scene-painting. These are happy moments, but they are dearly purchased.

I come now to that Court of Love where the knight-poets seemed to wrestle which should be lengthiest and most oppressive. The public appeared to take about as much pleasure in their contest as at those competitions of the *Conservatoire*, where we hear the same pianoforte piece played twenty-seven times over consecutively. It seemed so to affect their nerves, that every time a knight took up his lyre there was all over the house either a convulsive movement of impatience, or a plaintive wail of grief. So that Morelli having merely motioned, as if to touch his harp, there was a general cry of "Oh! no! thank you! In pity, don't, don't

do it again, good Wolfram; we can bear no more." Whereupon Morelli put down his harp, and the public felt grateful for this kindly impulse. What shall I say of the recital of Tannhäuser, which lasts three quarters of an hour, watch in hand? I was not surprised that Niemann, indisposed the day before, had to take to his bed the day after. A composer must have strange notions of the nature of a singer's lungs to entrust him with such a monotonous and declamatory narrative, after a journey to Rome and back.

A terrible penance was this for the public as well as for the singer, and it may be held to reckon against many a transgression. But perhaps I may be told that I am not seriously discussing the doctrines and music of M. Wagner; that I recount what took place at the Opera, without showing that M. Wagner was wrong in writing as he has written, and that the public were right to give him the reception they did. And yet how can we discuss the void, the chaotic, the systematic, and premeditated overthrow of every principle, of every rule of dramatic and musical composition? Let M. Wagner put himself forward as a skilful symphonist, and I will recognise his good points, and loyally render all the justice due to his ability. As a dramatic composer, he is tried and condemned, as far as we in Paris are concerned, and was already so *à priori*, when we had read his strange book and found how he rated all the great geniuses the world admires. We are of the school of Mozart, of Gluck, of Weber, of Spontini, of Rossini, of Meyerbeer, of Boieldieu, of Hérold, of Auber, and of many other masters who have followed in their footsteps, or have hewn out fresh paths for themselves amidst the applause of every civilised people in the universe. We are for lucidity, for melody, for song, and have a horror of disorder, confusion, noise, nothingness, and darkness. Moreover, to speak frankly, we Parisians feel humiliated to find we are taken for naturals. People fancy they have only to assume a supernatural self-reliance, an imperturbable confidence, to take in the most subtle, the most sceptical, and the most satirical public in the world. There were, on the first night of *Tannhäuser*, in the orchestra and the amphitheatre of the Operahouse, a score of French composers, who have written works superior to all that M. Wagner has done, and before these masters M. Wagner sets himself up as an inspired reformer and an infallible genius. He has only now to pass as the victim of a cabal, and to deny the impartiality and the competency of his judges. This is the grand resource of all unsuccessful authors. M. Wagner can say that the public of Paris are incapable of understanding his music. Alas! nothing can be more true! I am afraid we are all a parcel of ignoramuses—we cannot, at the first smack, detect the flavour of his works; we must return to the charge once and again, and finally the taste may be acquired. Heaven be praised!

But there are folks more deserving of pity than even the Parisians. I mean the artists who, after six months' toil, of unheard-of exertions and fatigue, were constrained to bear the brunt of the battle, to stand the fire of sarcasm, of grumbling murmurs, of derisive shouts. Look at poor Niemann, a tenor to whom success had become a habit, obliged to make his *début* in the midst of all this tumult. He fell into a swoon at rehearsal, and had to be taken home. He stepped upon the stage, his heart beating heaven knows how fast; he was on his knees for twenty minutes in a painful posture; and at last declaimed for three hours a part than which none was ever less favourable to a singer.

But I will trouble you no longer with details. All I wish is, that you in London should be made aware that some folks at Berlin, Weimar, Leipzig and elsewhere have misrepresented us in Paris.

AN ITALIAN IN PARIS.

THE FRENCH ORPHEONISTES.—There is to be another gathering of the French Orphéonistes in Paris, on September 12th, in the Palais d'Industrie.

M. FAURE AND MEYERBEER'S NEW OPERA.—The *Journal des Débats* states that M. Faure has signed an engagement for the Grand Opera of Paris, to appear in the *Africaine*, or rather *Vasco de Gama*, by M. Meyerbeer.

GERMAN OPERA IN PARIS.—There is a talk of establishing a German opera-house in Paris, with Dr. Marschner as conductor.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

M R. SIMS REEVES'
BENEFIT.

AT THE NINETEENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON,

ON
MONDAY EVENING, MAY 13, 1861,

The Programme will be selected from the Works of

VARIOUS COMPOSERS.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in D major, No. 10, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, MM. STRAUS RIES, WEBB, and PIATTI (Mozart); Air, "Pria che spunti," Mr. SIMS REEVES (Cimarosa); Song, "Sleep, heart of mine," Mr. SANTLEY (Henry Smart); Song, "Twilight is darkening," Mr. SIMS REEVES (Kücken); Suite de Pièces, containing "The Harmonious Blacksmith," Miss ARABELLA GODDARD (Handel).
PART II.—Sonata, in B flat, for Pianoforte and Violin, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and HERR STRAUS (Dussek); Song, "Adelaide," by desire, Mr. SIMS REEVES, accompanied on the Pianoforte by Miss ARABELLA GODDARD (Beethoven); Song, "As o'er the Alps he ranges," Mr. SANTLEY (Schubert); Duet, "Venti scudi," *Elisire d'Amore*, Mr. SIMS REEVES and Mr. SANTLEY (Donizetti); Quartet, in A minor, Op. 29, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, MM. STRAUS, RIES, WEBB, and PIATTI (Schubert).

Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co.; Hammond, Addison and Co.; Schoft and Co.; Ewer and Co.; Chappell and Co.; and all the principal Musicellers.

MR. CHAS. HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.—

Mr. Charles Halle begs to announce that he intends giving EIGHT PERFORMANCES of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in the large Room of St. James's Hall, on the afternoons of the subjoined dates:—Friday, May 17th; Friday, May 24th; Friday, May 31st; Friday, June 7th; Friday, June 14th; Friday, June 21st; Friday, June 28th; and Friday, July 5th.

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The Programmes will be exclusively devoted to the Sonatas composed by Beethoven, for Pianoforte without accompaniments—the whole to be introduced in regular succession, according to the original order of their publication, for which the numbered "Opéras" respectively assigned to them are warrants.

Prices of Admission:—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), for the series, 2l. 2s.; Single Ticket, 10s. 6d. Reserved Seats (Balcony and Area), for the series, 1l. 11s. 6d.; Single Ticket, 7s. Unreserved Seats, for the series, 1l.; Single Ticket, 3s.

Subscriptions received at Chappell and Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at Mr. Hallé's, No. 18, Clifford Street, W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"OUR SISTER MAY."—The second copy has come to hand. The first must have miscarried.

M. W. (Oxford).—Mr. — has not resigned his lease. At present there is no chance of the desired "restoration." About the "future prospects" of the "time-honoured" establishment we have no opinion, possessing no data upon which to base an opinion. That it will "re-open" some day, sooner or later, is, however, our firm belief.

SPHINK.—M. Liszt was lately at Brussels, and was present, on the 6th inst., at a performance of M. Gounod's *Faust*. His next destination was Paris, which he probably has reached by this time, too late, however, to witness the triumph of his *Tannhäuser*. M. Roger has returned to Paris, after his very successful tour in Germany. The name of Duprez' pupil, who is to succeed Tamberlik on the Italian stage, is Lefranc, a tenor of course. Any more questions?

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TERMS { Three lines and under 2s. 6d.
Every additional 10 words 6d.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1861.

"THE opinions of musicians"—says the *Post*—"doubtless vary very much with respect to the merits of Robert Schumann's Symphony in B flat (first introduced to the London public, if we mistake not, by Herr Manns at the Crystal Palace concerts), some considering it a vague and incoherent string of thoughts, others seeing in it a deep, all-pervading meaning, which it falls not to the lot of ordinary mortals to catch. No one, however, ventures to deny that the work is interesting, thoughtful, and artistic in *facture*; and as even tolerable symphonies are becoming rarer every day, and as we ought to be glad to discover any bearing the stamp of our time, and including passages, however brief, that indicate something like genuine inspiration, the propriety of introducing Robert Schumann's composition at a concert of the Musical Society of London, which professes liberal principles and a deep sympathy with the present no less than the past of art, cannot be reasonably questioned. The Society, to our thinking, acted consistently and wisely in bringing forward the intellectual composition which served as a commencement to the concert of last night, and we trust that other large orchestral works, equally new to the British public, may yet be heard from its superb band. This enterprising spirit, this active determination to try all things, and hold fast by the best, is most eminently calculated to keep creative art alive."

The *Post*, as usual, is consistent, and does justice to the intentions of the Musical Society of London in bringing forward Schumann's Symphony, which, by the way, was first performed in this country, not, if our memory serves us, at the Crystal Palace, but at the Philharmonic Concerts. The *Post* was equally just in appreciating the intentions of the same Society, last year, when Schubert's Symphony in C was produced; and it is to be regretted that the highly intelligent writer of the musical notices of that influential journal did not draw some comparison between the merits of the two works, and show—as no one is better able to do—how, the vast superiority of that of Schubert taken into consideration, the treatment it experienced at the hands of the somewhat pedantic, and, in a certain sense, egotistical audience assembled at St. James's Hall on these interesting occasions, and also at those of a majority of the critics, was anything rather than fair, anything rather than logical.

"Schumann," says the *Daily News*, "is a third-rate composer, and will never be generally esteemed as anything more, though strenuous efforts have been made, both in Germany and here, to push his name into notice. His music is lauded by critics, but coldly listened to by the public. Undoubtedly he is (or rather was) a distinguished musician, versed in the learning and technicalities of his art, but he lacks the one thing needful—the inborn genius which makes the great artist, and enables him to command the feelings and sympathies of the world. In the Symphony performed last night there is no want of masterly skill. It contains effective passages, especially the *Scherzo* and its two trios, which are very spirited, albeit not very original;

but, as a whole, it betrays too evidently the labour bestowed upon it—smells too much of the lamp, and never shows that abundant stream of beautiful thoughts, flowing, as it were, from an exhaustless fountain, as in the music of the four greatest of symphonists—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn."

The *Daily News*, too, is consistent. The esteemed writer of its art notices never expressed admiration for the compositions of Schumann, nor did he ever applaud the Musical Society of London for introducing examples of the *post-Beethovenite* school at their capital concerts. In one sense we are happy (in a great measure) to agree with, in another sense we are sorry (in a greater measure) to differ from him. We are not Schumannites, as our readers know very well; but because we are not Schumannites, that is no reason why Schumann, who has written so much and so earnestly, and who is the idol of a big section of the thinking population of musical Germany, should remain unheard. That would, indeed, be pedantic and egotistical (or egotistic and pedantic); and we feel assured the *Daily News* would be the last, on mature reflection, to suggest such a miserably foregone (and woe-begone) conclusion.

"*In medio tutissimus ibis.*" Flaccus said well; and the thoughtful critic of the *Daily Telegraph* has evidently adopted his golden axiom, without, however, pressing it, as is too frequently done, into the service of common-place and platitude. His views of the opposite duties of the Philharmonic Society and the Musical Society of London are worth perusing:—

"It is the duty of a society, like the old Philharmonic, essentially conservative in its character, to devote all its energies to securing an able performance of all the established masterpieces. The Musical Society, however, has other duties. While paying due homage to universally acknowledged genius, it is also incumbent on the directors to give the members of the society an opportunity of forming an opinion on works on the merits of which authorities are divided. Indeed, few real lovers of music would be sorry to see in each programme some unknown, or comparatively unknown, work of a modern writer side by side with some mighty legacy from the past. Schumann's great reputation quite justified the directors of the Musical Society in bringing forward his first Symphony on Wednesday, and they merit high praise for doing so. At the same time, we believe the work was listened to rather with interest and curiosity than with actual pleasure. Schumann is never wanting in ideas, and scattered through all his works we find charming melodies and unusual combinations which prove that he was not only an original thinker, but that he was endowed with a vivid fancy and a powerful imagination. Unfortunately, he seems to have been deficient in the faculty of using his musical ideas to the best advantage, so that his more ambitious works always produce an unsatisfactory effect. The Symphony in B flat is no exception to this rule, and in spite of the new and sometimes effective harmonic combinations in the first movement, and the characteristic scherzo and trios, the applause which followed its conclusion was called forth by the magnificent performance of the band rather than by the qualities of the work itself."

It is not our purpose here to discuss the question of Schumann's merits or demerits as a composer, but merely to show our readers how three of the most distinguished critics of the London daily press have viewed the introduction of one of his large orchestral works at the concerts of the youngest but most vigorous of our musical institutions. We do not fully assent to any of their opinions, but we give them the advantage of our wider circulation, thinking the question one which at the present time is well worth ventilating.

OUR readers have seen from time to time, in our notices of musical doings in America, and doubtless have remembered, the name of Adelina Patti, a young soprano of high repute in the United States. The name, indeed, has frequently appeared within the last year or two in the pages

of the MUSICAL WORLD, invariably set in eulogistic and glowing periods by our transatlantic correspondents. The young lady has now arrived in London, and as she is likely to be heard sooner or later in the season at some of our concerts, it is meet, we think, to introduce her beforehand to the reader, narrate something of her story, and endeavour to make known what her pretensions are in reality. We ourselves have not yet had the pleasure of hearing the new candidate for operatic honours, and cannot say whether her talents and capabilities befit her most for the parts of Bosio or Piccolomini, to both of whom she has been compared; we shall, therefore, have recourse to the transatlantic journals for information, merely observing, *en passant*, that one or two who have recently heard Mlle. Patti in America, speak in high terms of her artistic powers and instincts. We must confess we are not over sanguine about new singers, and do not always put the most implicit faith in Brother Jonathan's judgment on matters of art, more especially where gallantry may play a prejudicial part. It must be admitted, however, that America has sent us some admirable artists, Bosio, Gassier, and Badiali, among others, to say nothing of Malibran, whom England exiled as a singer beyond all hope, and who returned in a few years afterwards from the United States, crowned as Empress of Song.

The following sketch of Mlle. Adelina Patti's life and career is abridged from *Harper's Weekly Journal of Civilisation*:—

"Adelina Patti was born at Madrid, Spain, April 9, 1843. Her mother, Mad. Barilli Patti, was prima donna of the Grand Theatre at Madrid, and, on the evening preceding the birth of Adelina, had sung Norma. Mad. Patti left Madrid soon after Adelina's birth, and returned to Milan. Here the impresario Strakosch made the acquaintance of Adelina, then only four months old. The Patti family emigrated to America in 1844, when the father joined Sanquirico, the buffo, in the management of the Italian Opera, Chambers Street. There were four daughters; Clotilda married the son of Colonel Thorne; Amalia, wife of Mr. Strakosch; Carlotta is a teacher of music; and Adelina, the singer. Adelina could sing almost before she could speak. At the age of four she sang all the gems of the operas. Her first public appearance was at the age of nine years, when Mr. Strakosch, Ole Bull, and the infantile prima donna made a tour in the provinces, where Adelina sang pieces made familiar by Jenny Lind, Sontag, Bosio, and others. The little lady created the greatest enthusiasm, and her share of the profits amounted to twenty thousand dollars, which her father invested in a country seat, the summer residence of the family. At this time our prima donna received the highest compliments from Sontag, who told her she would be one of the greatest singers in the world; and from Alboni, who said, if she went to Paris, she would make a *furor*."

Thus, if we may credit her memoirs, Adelina Patti was eighteen years old on the 9th of April last, about the same age at which Mlle. Piccolomini made her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre. We all know how frantic the Turin and other journals were about the little Italian lady. Hear a New Orleans paper about the American *prima donna*:—

"It is now three months since Adelina Patti came amongst us. She has appeared in *Lucia*, *Martha*, *Barbiere*, *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, the *Huguenots* as Valentine, and in the *Pardon de Plümel*. In each of these operas a new triumph attended her. Adelina Patti may well be proud to have produced such a great sensation here, and to have crowded our Opera-house for three months every night she has appeared; and when she appears in London and Paris, and takes possession of the place left vacant by Sontag and Bosio, whose legitimate successor she now is, New Orleans will have the satisfaction of having first recognised and appreciated the wonderful young artist. Miss Patti is, in our opinion, the most extraordinary artist on the operatic stage. She unites to a voice clear, powerful, always in tune, capable of expressing every sentiment of the soul, and of executing the most difficult and intricate passages with the utmost ease, a chastity of style, a grace of delivery and musical accentuation, perfectly marvellous."

But this is only one writer's opinion. Let us hear how a critic in cooler Philadelphia expresses himself:—

"After the death of Mad. Sontag and Mad. Bosio, there was lamentation in musical Europe that there was no good soprano singer left to the operatic stage; the best school of vocal music had died with them. But it lives still in the person of Miss Adelina Patti, the young artist who last evening enchanted a large audience at the Academy of Music by her exquisite performance of the heroine in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. There were hundreds there with whom *Lucia* had long been worn threadbare, and a new sensation in connection with it was pronounced impossible. But even to the most blasé of opera-goers, the evening was one of delighted surprise, and greater enthusiasm has never been exhibited in the Academy on any occasion.

"Miss Patti is very young in years and appearance, but she is a finished artist. She makes her *début*, indeed, at a point of perfection to which most mature prima donnas never attain. In the character of Lucy her gentle, graceful, ladylike manner is exactly appropriate, and there was no deficiency at all in her acting. Her voice is a pure, delicious soprano, of great evenness and purity of tone, amply powerful in the upper and medium parts and promising greater strength in the lower. It is a fresh, unspoiled voice, with no tremble in it, and none of the cracks that exposure to the Verdi fire always makes in that delicate article, the female voice. It is as flexible as Sontag's, with a good natural shake, and a facility of execution that makes all appearance of physical effort in the most elaborate passages totally unnecessary. Nature has done everything for Miss Patti; but the very best teaching has given her that beautiful graceful delivery, noticeable particularly in recitative passages, but not the less to be admired in others. She has been singing ever since she could walk, having really 'lispied in numbers.' She has been heard here in concerts, when only eight or ten years of age. But the usual fate of infant prodigies has not attended her; for her talent and her voice have grown with her growth, and having ceased to be an 'infant phenomenon,' she is now that far rarer phenomenon, a beautiful singer, of the purest and best school.

"The audience, as usual in Philadelphia, were quite cool and indifferent at the beginning of the opera. But before the first act closed there was hearty applause. The duet with Edgardo and that with Ashton each revealed new talent. But the triumph of the evening was in the mad scene, which was full of touching tenderness, united with *as beautiful singing as ever fell from mortal lips*. At its close the audience were entirely thrown off their usual reserve. Bouquets flew from every part of the house, the young artist was thrice called out, and at the last call there was an irrepressible shout of enthusiasm, the most honest and legitimate ever displayed in the Academy. Miss Patti will become the pet of the public, and the only fear is that she may be carried off to Europe, to wear the hitherto unappropriated mantle of Mad. Bosio, which she alone, of young Italian singers, seems worthy to receive."

These extracts must, doubtless, excite curiosity in no ordinary degree. Even allowing that one half of what the writers say be true, it makes out Mlle. Patti to be a singularly endowed and accomplished artist. We could supply other notices of the young lady from various sources, no less high-sounding and full of unqualified praise, but shall content ourselves with the above, and look forward to hearing her with much interest.

Shortly after writing the above, we learned that Mlle. Adelina Patti had been engaged by the director of the Royal Italian Opera, and that she was to make her first appearance on Tuesday, in *La Sonnambula*. The *début* of a prima donna is always an interesting event, particularly when the character to be assumed is one with which the remembrance of so many renowned artists is associated; and therefore our preliminary notes may have some value. The interest becomes deeper when the *débutante* is so highly recommended, and expectation is elevated in proportion. "Shall we hear and see a Malibran, a Persiani, a Lind, a Bosio?" This question we shall be enabled to resolve satisfactorily next week. In the meanwhile, we wish every success to the youthful and much-praised *cantatrice*, and trust that the result of Tuesday's performance may realise the most sanguine anticipations of her friends on the other side of the Atlantic.

R.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—If any regret sullies the recollection of the Great Exhibition of '51, it is that the Fine Arts did not participate in the beneficial influence of the undertaking. Architecture was not advanced by the vast sums of money expended upon the colossal glass-house, which, however remarkable for the materials of which it was constructed, offered no striking feature either in design or detail. Sculpture was made available only for the purposes of ornament and decoration; music to increase the effect of some special ceremony; while painting, unless identified with the productions of the manufacturer, was altogether ignored. As far as any immediate benefit or encouragement to the arts is concerned, the Great Exhibition was of no account.

Aware of this omission, and anxious to insure the success of their scheme, Her Majesty's Commissioners have enhanced the interest of the International Exhibition to be held next year, by inviting architects, painters, sculptors, and engravers to send in their works, for the purpose, it is said, of illustrating the progress and present condition of *Modern Art*.

The Royal Commissioners have done wisely so far; but there is an omission in their plan which must inevitably cause surprise and disappointment to many. I allude to music. Why should music and musicians be so invidiously excluded from such an undertaking? Is there any other country in which music is so generally cultivated at the present day as in England? Why, then, should it not be represented on an occasion when it is proposed to bring together a careful and perfect illustration of British art? Perhaps the Royal Commissioners decline to acknowledge the right of music to join the graceful companionship of her sisters; or are they at a loss to determine in what way she should be introduced?

The hanging of pictures or the placing of statuary involves but little trouble, certainly, as compared with the organisation of musical performances. I believe, however, music, if allowed, could be made to contribute materially to the success of the International Exhibition, and at the same time serve its own cause.

This would be achieved if facilities were afforded to the different instrumental and vocal associations in England and on the Continent of comparing their skill. Prizes might be offered for competition, also, to the composers for works in the various styles of composition. By adopting some such plan, in which there are no great difficulties to overcome, the interesting question of the respective proficiency of the different countries in music would be determined, while its advancement would unquestionably be very materially promoted. As the matter stands, I cannot refrain from expressing sorrow and indignation at the fact of the most beautiful and civilising of the arts being repudiated by Her Majesty's Commissioners.

ANTEATER.

MISS M. B. HAWES.—We have already announced the rumour that it was the intention of Miss Maria B. Hawes to resume her profession as vocalist, a statement that receives something like confirmation from the *Court Journal*.

RICHARD WAGNER est de retour de Carlsruhe où l'avaient appelé le grand duc et la grande duchesse de Bade. *Tristan et Isolde* sera prochainement mis à l'étude au théâtre Grand-Ducal pour y être représenté vers le mois de décembre prochain. Le grand duc a invité Wagner à choisir lui-même parmi les meilleurs artistes de l'Allemagne, les artistes qui devront concourir à cette exécution pour laquelle aucune dépense ne sera épargnée. Les études auront lieu sous la surveillance de l'auteur qui, en outre, dirigera personnellement les premières représentations. (Com muniqué.)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

AFTER two disappointments, caused by the indisposition of M. Faure, *Guillaume Tell* was produced on Tuesday week, and, we need hardly add, filled the theatre in every part. The amphitheatre, and amphitheatre stalls, above all, were crowded to suffocation, and, indeed, from this part of the house proceeded the real applause of the evening; for there, in consequence of the abridgment of the pit, were congregated all the musical spirits of the metropolis, drawn thither in anticipation of a grand performance of Rossini's grand work. Everything tended to the expectation of such a result:—the seeming completeness of the cast, the great resources of the theatre, the efficiency and power of the basses and chorus, the energy of Mr. Costa, than whom Rossini has no more ardent admirer. The cast was as follows: *Guillaume Tell*—M. Faure; *Arnold*—Signor Tamberlik; *Walter*—Herr Formes; *Melcthal*—Signor Polonini; *Gesler*—Signor Tagliafico; *Fisherman*—Signor Neri-Baraldi; *Mathilde*—Mad. Miolan-Carvalho; *Jenny*—Mad. Rudersdorff; *Edwige*—Mad. Tagliafico. *Guillaume Tell* was first produced at the Royal Italian Opera—the old theatre, of course—in 1848, M. Roger sustaining the part of Arnold, Tamburini of *Guillaume Tell*, and Mad. Castellan of *Mathilde*. It was played *once only* that year, in consequence, as was said, of the indisposition of the French tenor. A year or two later the opera was produced with Herr Ander as Arnold, but did not create any great sensation. Subsequently, it was revived with Signor Tamberlik in the principal tenor part, and the Italian was found immeasurably superior to his French and German rivals. Had Signor Tamberlik, indeed, sustained the part of Arnold in the first instance, a thorough success, we believe, might have been reckoned on. Every one who knows music and feels its power must recognise the immense merit of *Guillaume Tell*; but most unfortunately the climax is attained at the end of the second act, and the interest decreases thence to the last finale. In fact, the opera, like most French operas (which are almost interminable), is too long. The quantity of music in the first two acts alone of *Guillaume Tell* is at least equal to the whole *Fidelio*. The director of the Royal Italian Opera, notwithstanding, was determined to give Rossini's master-piece another chance, and for this purpose called in all the resources of the establishment; but as the performance commences so late at the Royal Italian Opera it was impossible to give the whole work, and curtailments were indispensable.

That the management has done everything possible to render the performance complete we feel assured. Signor Tamberlik is by far the best Arnold we have seen in this country. M. Faure, although the music of *Guillaume Tell* is too low for him, sings like a thorough artist, and acts with great force and intelligence. The Walter of Herr Formes would be inimitable in every way, if only his vocal power was economised a little in the magnificent trio of the second act. That the music of *Mathilde* would not suit the voice of Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, was to be expected. Occasionally, when the voice has not to be forced, Mad. Carvalho sings with infinite sweetness and delicacy; but this cannot extenuate the fault of embroidering the air and subsequent duet with ornaments of her own manufacture. All the remaining characters are entitled to unqualified praise, and nothing better could be desired in their respective ways than Mad. Rudersdorff's Jenny—a signal success—Signor Neri-Baraldi's Pescatore, Signor Polonini's Melcthal, Signor Tagliafico's Gesler, and Mad. Tagliafico's Edwige.

To the performances of the band and chorus we can apply the term "magnificent," with few reservations. Every evening the overture is encored with acclamation, and the enthusiasm of the audience, after the great scene of the "oath of liberty," is unbounded on all occasions. One of the greatest hits of the performance is, of course, the famous air in the last scene, "Suez-moi" ("Corriam, corriam"), in which Signor Tamberlik electrifies the audience with an "Ut de poitrine" that Duprez himself might have envied in his best days. The scenery is marvellously beautiful, and the appointments and dresses all in the best taste. *Guillaume Tell* was repeated on Thursday night for the third time.

Perhaps *Il Trovatore* was as good an opera as could be selected for the first appearance of Mad. Penco and Signor Graziani.

Both received on Tuesday night the hearty welcome due to their merits and popularity. Mad. Penco, although comparatively a new-comer, is even now a general favourite, and, indeed, considering the rarity of first-class dramatic sopranos in the pure Italian school, is entitled to a distinguished place. Her Leonora, while exhibiting all those sterling qualities for which it was applauded last season, offered no absolutely novel points for comment. The opening air, "Tacea la notte placida," was given with genuine feeling, and the accompanying "cabaletta," or quick movement, "Di tale amor," with the utmost neatness and brilliancy of execution. Equally to be commended from another point of view was the scene of the tower, in which it was difficult to know whether most to praise the tender expression with which Mad. Penco sang the address to her imprisoned lover, or the passion she threw into the subsequent duet with the Conte di Luna, where Leonora sacrifices herself to insure the deliverance of Manrico. Better still, perhaps, was the final scene, in which, after enduring the unmerited reproaches of her lover, Leonora gradually sinks exhausted at his feet, and death bears witness to her fidelity. All this was thoroughly well done, and showed Mad. Penco (not for the first time) to be an actress no less than a singer. Her companion was Signor Tamberlik, whose Manrico is, in many respects, equal, and in one or two superior, to any we have seen: "Ah! si, ben mio," the pathetic apostrophe to Leonora, has possibly been rendered with more intensity; but no one before has ever imparted such fire and enthusiasm to its pendant, "Di quella pira"—which allows full scope for the display of those exceptional resources peculiar to the singer. On Tuesday night, by the energy with which he declaimed this vigorous outpouring of a belligerent impetuosity, and by the interpolation, in an unexpected place, of one of his extraordinary high chest-notes ("C") Signor Tamberlik—so to speak—"electrified" the house, and was twice called before the curtain amid vociferous acclamations. The Conte di Luna of Signor Graziani, though a performance of evenly balanced merit, is principally noted for the smooth and unctuous delivery of the romance in Act II. ("Il balen del suo sorriso"), a placid melody, just fitted to show off a voice which, however limited in range, for mellow ripeness of quality, stands alone among barytones. This favourite air, sung with Signor Graziani's accustomed excellence, was, as usual, and as a matter of course, encored. Mad. Nantier Didié's impersonation of the witch, Azucena—that "inauspicious and ghastly woman," as she is designated in the English version of the libretto—was as remarkable as formerly for its histrionic earnestness; while her execution of the music—from the plaintive "Stride la vampa" to the simple and melodious "Si, la stanchezza m'opprime"—was everywhere marked by the ease and fluency that belong to thorough artistic acquirement. At the conclusion of the grand duet with Manrico in Act II., Mad. Didié was summoned forward, with Signor Tamberlik, and loudly applauded. Signor Tagliafico recited the long and somewhat prolix narration of Azucena's early exploits (Act I.)—the only opportunity for distinction afforded to Ferrando—as emphatically as though he believed it all to be true. His appearance, however (an unusual thing with Signor Tagliafico), is not precisely what it ought to be. Ferrando, an old retainer of the Luna family, and supposed to have been present at the birth of Manrico and his brother, should certainly not be made to look younger than either of them. On the whole this was one of the most effective performances of *Il Trovatore* we remember. The house was well attended.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Israel in Egypt* was performed for the first time this season, with Milles, Parepa and Banks, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Signor Belletti. Particulars in our next.

Herr Reichardt has left London for Frankfurt; from thence he proceeds to Darmstadt and Wiesbaden, to give a series of representations at the theatres in those towns. The admirers of this talented vocalist will not therefore have the pleasure of hearing him at any of the fashionable concerts till late in the season.

Herr Franz Abt, the well-known composer of "When the Swallows," &c., and Capellmeister of the Ducal Opera at Brunswick, intends visiting London in the course of the season.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The instrumental portion of the third concert on Wednesday last, excited more than ordinary interest, as it included a symphony by Robert Schumann. The symphony in B flat (No. 1) was lucky in having for "interpreters" a body of executants who did as ample justice to its merits as if they had been performing any of the well-known works which afford as much gratification to players as listeners. Moreover, it enjoyed the advantage of an audience unbiassed by cliques and uninfluenced by *clagues*; and whatever the opinion may be of the work in question, the directors of the Society were justified in producing it, although (despite the applause at the end of the last movement) we question the probability of its being repeated. Far more to the general taste was the symphony which opened the 2nd part—the No. 10 in E flat of Haydn. Here everything was spontaneous, flowing, genial, and intelligible; and, rendered as it was to perfection by the band, over which Mr. Alfred Mellon so ably wields the conductor's stick, the audience were fairly charmed. Spohr's first clarinet concerto (in C minor) served to display all the exquisite purity of tone, faultless mechanism, and command of expression for which Mr. Lazarus is justly renowned, and which entitle him to challenge all contemporary clarinet players, native or foreign. The applause, in which the whole orchestra cordially joined, was as hearty and unanimous as it was thoroughly deserved. Mendelssohn's exquisitely poetical overture, "The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," at the end of the 1st part, was the most wonderful performance of the evening, as well as the most wonderful composition in the programme. To the vocal department Mlle. Parepa contributed Beethoven's "Ah! perfido," and Signor Belletti the telling air "Chi mai vedo?" from Mr. Balfe's Italian opera *Falstaff*, the two artists uniting in the charming duet from Mozart's *Figaro*, "Esci omai garzon." Auber's sparkling overture to *Le Lac des Fées* brought to a brilliant close a concert which, with all its admirable features, laboured, nevertheless, under the drawback of being too long. Another season we should recommend the council to consider the desirability of commencing at eight o'clock. The next concert, and last of the season (June 5th), a great treat may be expected, as the Pastoral Symphony, the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Professor Sterndale Bennett's third pianoforte concerto (by Miss Arabella Goddard), and other sterling works are promised.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The third concert was given on Monday night, and attracted an immense crowd, the engagement of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, no doubt, greatly enhancing the attraction. The following programme was given:—Overture, *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn; Grand Scene, *Der Freischütz*, Weber; Aria, "Dalla sua pace," Mozart; Symphony, "Power of Sound," Spohr; Cavatina, "Com'è bello," Donizetti; Concerto, G major, pianoforte, Mozart; Aria, "Aurora che sorgerei," Rossini; Duet, *Lucia*, Donizetti; and Overture, *Preciosa*, Weber. This was a grandly constructed programme, and the execution was universally worthy of the music. Of course Spohr's magnificent symphony was the crowning rose of the garland, and Dr. Wyldé evidently took the greatest pains to arrive at a perfect realisation of that wonderfully poetical and picturesque composition. Nor should we forget the rapturously glowing and exciting overture of Mendelssohn, which opened the concerts with surpassing splendour. Beethoven's glorious concerto—No. 4 of the five masterpieces the composer has bequeathed to pianoforte and orchestra—was a worthy companion to such a symphony and such an overture, and was the more acceptable as it was so well recommended by the vigour and superior intelligence of Mr. John Francis Barnett's playing, which pleased and surprised in an equal degree the immense congregation, which paid marked attention to the performance throughout. The concerto in G was, we think, the piece which first introduced Master John Barnett, then pupil of Dr. Wyldé, to the subscribers of the New Philharmonic Concerts several years ago. The improvement in the young pianist from that time, of course, is immense, and indeed we perceive manifestations of amelioration in style and expression even from last year. Mlle. Titiens sang the scene from the *Der Freischütz* more magnificently than we have heard it for—we know not how long, and the cavatina from *Lucrezia* with extreme brilliancy. We cannot say which air suited Signor Giuglini best—that from *Don Giovanni* or that from the *Donna del Lago*; but both were given to

perfection, and exhibited the admirable tenor in his best mood. Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini are re-engaged for the next concert. Weber's splendid overture brought a most remarkable concert to a fitting close.

Mr. G. W. HAMMOND, the pianist, pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, gave a concert on Wednesday morning, at the Hanover Square Rooms, which attracted a very large attendance. With Mr. Hammond were associated as instrumentalists, Mr. H. Blagrove (violin), Mr. Aylward (violoncello), Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton (harp), and Mr. W. H. Holmes (pianoforte). The pianoforte share of the programme was more than usually important, comprising Beethoven's trio in B flat (dedicated to the Archduke Rodolf), Handel's *allegro* in F, Bach's *Allegro Moderato* in B minor, Professor Bennett's *Scherzo* in E minor, Kullak's "Les Arpèges," Mendelssohn's *Lied ohne Worte* in C, Mr. Cipriani Potter's *Pezzi di bravura* in C, *jagdlied* by Schumann, Romanesca by Moscheles, fantasia by Döhler, and *finale allegro* for two pianofortes, by Mozart. Thus the audience were perfectly enabled to pass judgment on the concert-giver, who was tested in almost every style. Mr. Hammond commenced somewhat nervously in Beethoven's trio, even with the assistance and support of such powerful auxiliaries as Mr. H. Blagrove and Mr. Aylward. He improved, nevertheless, as he went on, and was loudly applauded in the exciting *scherzo* of Professor Bennett—a capital bit of execution, as he was also in Kullak's showy concert-room piece. Assisted by his master, in Mozart's *allegro* for two pianofortes, he played still better, and pleased even more. Thus we are permitted to chronicle a decided success for Mr. Hammond, whose qualifications as a pianist are far beyond the average of merit. Besides his share in Beethoven's trio, Mr. Blagrove contributed Vieuxtemps's *Deuxième Morceau de Salon*, a masterly performance; and Mr. Balsir Chatterton executed a fantasia of his own composition on the harp with his wonted power and skill. All the vocal music was the composition of Mr. W. H. Holmes, and was distributed among Miss Marian Moss, Mad. Laura Baxter, and Mr. Wallworth. Four pieces were given from Mr. Holmes's new vocal work, "Voices of the Night," words taken from Longfellow, viz., prelude-song, "Pleasant it was when woods were green;" trio, "The Reaper;" song, "Hymn to the night," and song, "The light of stars." All were received with much favour, the last two, perhaps, eliciting most applause. The sacred song, "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness," admirably sung by Mad. Laura Baxter; and the trio, "To the Lord God belong mercies," finely rendered by the three artists, were no less admired and applauded. Mr. W. H. Holmes and Mr. J. S. Noble conducted.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG gave her annual concert on Tuesday night at the Queen's Rooms, Hanover Square. The solos she selected for the occasion—namely, Macfarren's popular ballad, "The beating of my own heart," Rossini's "Bel Raggio," and the grand scena from *Lurline*, "Sad as my soul,"—though all in such very different styles, seemed equally suited to the capabilities of her pure and flexible voice; and the taste and expression with which she delivered them justly elicited the unanimous and cordial applause of a full and a fashionable audience. The fair concert-giver also joined Mad. Laura Baxter in Winter's duet "Vaghi Colli," and Mr. Rhodes in a duet of Spohr's from *Faust*, besides Macfarren's trio, "The Troubadour," with Mad. Laura Baxter and Mr. Rhodes. The other vocal artists who appeared were Mr. George Perren and Miss M. Baxter; and the instrumentalists Herr Adolphe Ries (piano), Herr Louis Ries (violin), Herr Lidel (violoncello), and Herr Oberthür (harp), all of whom did ample justice to an excellent programme. Mr. Frank Mori conducted.

MISS THERESA JEFFERTS' concert on Thursday evening at St. James's Hall was a brilliant affair, and brought together a brilliant, if not an overcrowded audience. The artists comprised among the singers, Miss Stabbach, Mlle. Parepa, Miss Emma Heywood, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Theresa Jefferys, Messrs. W. Winn, J. Morgan, Ramsden, Trelawney Cobham, and Sims Reeves; among the instrumentalists, Mr. Henry Baumer (pianoforte), M. Vieuxtemps (violin), and Master Butler (flute). The performances which afforded the very greatest satisfaction were two songs by Mr. Sims Reeves, "Twilight is darkening," by Kücken, and "My Guiding

Star," from *Robin Hood*, both encoired and (strange to say for Mr. Reeves) repeated; the duet "Deh Conte," from *Norma*, by Mlles. Parepa and Theresa Jefferys, also redemanded and sung again; M. Vieuxtemps' violin solo, "Bouquet Americain," and his fantasia "I Lombardi,"—the great Belgian violinist being recalled after each performance; and the flute solo of Master Butler (pupil of Mr. Clinton), a first-rate display considering the young gentleman's years, which was rapturously applauded and encoired. Master Clinton is a real credit to his master. For our own parts, however, if we had a young son ever so bent to the flute, we should not greatly like to see him expend so much of his tender breath upon the treacherous *embouchure*. But this opinion is apart. Among other things which produced a good effect we may mention a new song, "O sunny hills," most charmingly given by Miss Theresa Jefferys (whose voice, by the way, we and others remarked, was fast ripening into force and beauty); the ballad, "Days of Chivalry," by Miss Stabbach, the applause consequent upon which brought back the fair songstress to the platform; and a new and very elegant ballad by Mr. Balfe, "Mary," most sweetly and expressively warbled by Mr. Sims Reeves. We have selected enough from the twenty-six *morceaux* of which the concert was composed to show of what metal it was made, and how far the assemblage was gratified. Messrs. Sydney Smith and Francesco Berger alternated as conductors, and Mr. Clinton accompanied his young pupil in his flute solo.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The first opera concert of the season took place on Friday afternoon in last week. The present series is to consist of twelve concerts, in all of which Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini will take part, while Mad. Grisi and Mad. Miolan-Carvalho will appear alternately. The programme of the first concert comprised some of the most popular operatic selections. Mlle. Titiens sang "Com' è bello," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, with immense power and dramatic effect; Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, "Voi che sapete," from *Figaro*, and "Come per me sereno," from *La Sonnambula*—Bellini suiting her style far better than Mozart. Signor Giuglini gave the romance, "Angiol d'amore," from *La Favorita*, and the Italian version of "When other lips," both with surpassing grace and purity of voice; and M. Gassier sang Figaro's air from the *Barbiere*. The only concerted pieces were the "Miserere," from *Il Trovatore*, and the trio, "Qual voluttà," from *I Lombardi*. Not the least interesting portions of the concert were two solos of Paganini, "Le Carnaval de Venise" and "Le streghe," by M. Ole Büll, and the performance by the Crystal Palace band of the overtures to Rossini's *Siege of Corinth* and Auber's new Opera, *La Circassienne*. Considering the enormous attendance attracted by the great Haydn Festival on Wednesday, and the high price charged, 7s. 6d., the concert was very liberally supported; but of course the patronage was not so extensive as it would have been under ordinary circumstances, and had the weather been more favourable. The second concert yesterday was graced by the first appearance this season of Mad. Grisi, whose engagement, in addition to that of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, as may be imagined, made a difference in the number of visitors. This day an extra Saturday concert will be given, when Mad. Alboni will sing for the last time this season, and Miss Arabella Goddard will play. Of yesterday's and to-day's concert we shall speak in our next.

Provincial.

The *Liverpool Mail* writes as follows:—

"Our musical readers will be glad to hear that Miss Anna Whitty, whose vocal triumphs in Italy have been so frequently recorded in our columns, and who *debuted* last season but one at Mr. Benedict's concert, in London, will make her first public appearance in her native town on the 21st of this month. Miss Whitty has been engaged by the directors of the Philharmonic Society for the sixth subscription concert, which takes place on the above date. This concert will be the most brilliant of the season, for in addition to Miss Whitty, Miss Banks, Miss Laura Baxter, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, are engaged, and the programme will include Mr. Benedict's new cantata of *Undine*, which has never yet been performed in Liverpool."

The *Brighton Gazette* of May 9th gives a luminous report of the concert held, on Tuesday last, by the Willert-Beale touring-party. The following is an abridgment of this article:—

"The name of Alboni possesses such a powerful charm, that everybody is anxious to hear her. She came not alone, but was accompanied by Miss Arabella Goddard, an ornament to our British pianists, and who, on this occasion, fully sustained her musical reputation. In addition to these distinguished artists there was the renowned Regondi, who stands first in his profession. Mr. Wright, finding that an extraordinary demand was made for tickets, was induced to enlarge the reserved seats. Only three rows were left unreserved, and, in order to accommodate applicants, places were arranged on the platform for twenty or thirty more. It reminded us of the Jenny Lind mania when she first came to Brighton. The concert took place in the large room of the Town Hall. Miss Arabella Goddard, who was hailed with much applause on ascending the platform, gave a fantasia by Benedict, entitled *Albion*, in which is introduced the well-known air of 'Pray Goody.' The variations were rendered with wonderful lightness of touch, and the performance might well be pronounced faultless. We remember this artist when she first came out performing a fantasia on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She was then very young, but there was the promise of future excellence. What a marvellous change has time wrought in her artistical powers. Miss Goddard now displays a versatility of talent that few artists possess, male or female. In Benedict's *Albion*, whilst her left hand was arduously and skilfully employed in pouring out the lower tones, her right sent forth a shower of notes of a lighter character, so skilfully as to astound her hearers, and to make them wonder how so much could be achieved. We need scarcely say that she was immensely applauded. Mad. Alboni was of course greatly applauded on ascending the platform. She had selected for her first piece the well-known 'Una voce.' We could not for one moment imagine that increase of years would have ripened a voice that was perfection long ago. But so it is. Alboni's voice appears to us not only increased in power, but in flexibility and in extent of register. It is, so to speak, three voices combined in one, and that she should possess the capabilities of running these three voices into one, with scarcely the semblance of a break, is a circumstance perhaps unprecedented in the history of vocal performance. At the close of the air ('Una voce') she was, as might be imagined, loudly applauded. Signor Regondi performed a solo on the concertina, on airs from the *Sonnambula*, 'Still so gently o'er me stealing,' and 'Do not mingle.' To praise Regondi would be quite superfluous. He has earned, by his genius, a reputation that nothing can shake.

"The first part closed with a duet for pianoforte and concertina, performed by Miss Goddard and Signor Regondi, the joint composition of Osborne and De Beriot. The players seemed to endeavour to outvie each other in the execution of the music. If we were asked which we thought had carried away the palm, we should be unable to say. The performance might be compared to the working of a beautiful piece of machinery. In the second part, Miss Arabella Goddard introduced a solo by Thalberg. If our eyes had been shut, if we had not seen the lady, we should have almost imagined that we were listening to that great master himself. In this solo the left hand was again vigorously employed, thundering forth the bass with masculine power. We may say that in this performance Miss Goddard almost excelled herself, and a rapturous encore followed her successful efforts. She very kindly came forward, and treated her hearers to Benedict's *fantasia* on the beautiful air, 'Where the bee sucks,' in which her extreme lightness of touch was very remarkable, particularly in the successive shakes, whilst ascending to the upper notes of the instrument. Applause renewed again and again followed her performance. Mad. Alboni then gave Rode's variations, one of the finest specimens of roulade singing that were ever heard. To describe the purity of the intonation, and the extreme accuracy with which every note was rendered, would be impossible. Let our readers imagine the skilful fingering of a pianist, Miss Goddard for example, and then hear Mad. Alboni, and they would discover that she realises with her voice almost what a pianist can perform. The audience encoired the artist, who kindly appeared again on the platform, and the moment the conductor commenced the well-known air of 'Il segreto,' Mad. Alboni was greeted with immense applause. It was the song which first established her fame in England. She gave only one verse, but that verse will never be forgotten by those who had the pleasure of hearing it. The powerful lower notes and the sustained shake in the upper note produced an extraordinary sensation, and the fair vocalist retired from the platform amidst a burst of applause. Signor Regondi treated his hearers to a solo on the guitar. He is equally clever on this instrument as on the concertina, making the guitar all but talk. The pianoforte used was a new concert grand of most magnificent tone and quality, by Broadwood, sent down expressly for the occasion. It was the admiration of the whole room. The general arrangements, under the direction of Mr. F. Wright, gave every satisfaction."

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